

The boys gather in Arcadia's grand living room, the fireplace crackling warmly, casting a golden glow across the space. The Christmas tree, adorned with twinkling lights and ornaments, towers over a sea of brightly wrapped presents. The air is filled with the scent of pine and faint traces of eggnog from earlier festivities.

FELIP (*Standing, clapping his hands*): Alright, alright, listen up! Let's see who's left—

Felip scans the room with mock exasperation. On the oversized L-shaped couch are Leo, Ethan, Dustin, Abel, Cain, Renzo, and Alex. Renzo sits with one leg crossed over the other, looking impeccably poised. Leo is glued to his Nintendo Switch, his fingers a blur. Dustin leans back, arms crossed, wearing his trademark indifferent expression. Felip arches an eyebrow, bemused by the modest turnout.

FELIP: Really? Just you seven again?

DUSTIN: (*arms crossed, smirking*): Yeah, 'cause *you* made us stay.

CAIN: (*snorting*): Who throws a frat Christmas exchange on the 21st? The day *after* the rager? Everyone else has bailed for the holidays, mate.

ALEX: (*grumbling*): I swear, if I miss my train tomorrow because of this nonsense, someone's gonna pay.

RENZO: (*leaning back smugly*) Relax, Alex. Worst case, I'll have one of my family's helicopters take you home.

ALEX: (*rolling his eyes*): We get it, Renzo. You're rich.

RENZO: (*mock-offended*): Excuse me? Being posh is literally a requirement for this frat.

ABEL: (*grinning*): Posh lawyers with helicopters? What, do you deliver subpoenas by air?

RENZO: (*shrugging*): Efficient litigation, Abel.

FELIP: (*waving them down*): Alright, settle. No one's missing their train, their chopper ride, or their dignity. The only thing you'll miss is *me* when we're all home for break.

DUSTIN: (*deadpan*): The only ones missing you will be the sorority girls you keep leading on.

FELIP (*with a wink*): Can you blame them? I'm *irresistible*. They'll be missing a *lot* of me, for sure.

DUSTIN: Gross.

ETHAN: (*interjecting*): Cute. Can we start now, or is this just the "Felip show"?

FELIP (*grinning*): Fine, fine. Let's get serious.

RENZO: Let's get down to business.

ETHAN (*playful*): To defeat the Huns.

DUSTIN: That was so lame.

Felip strides over to Leo and snatches the Nintendo Switch from his hands.

LEO (panicking): Hey! What the—?! My farm! I didn't save yet!

FELIP: No games during the exchange. You were warned. (*He places the Switch precariously on the mantle above the fireplace.*)

LEO (*whimpering*): That's so mean.

Leo's face falls as Felip places the console precariously on the mantle above the fireplace. Ethan drapes an arm around the despondent redhead, grinning.

ETHAN: Don't worry, Leo. Your *pookie bear himbo* Alex will console you.

ALEX: I hate that name.

CAIN (*grinning*): Why so sensitive, Alex? You're literally named Alex.

ALEX: I hate that name... on that *character*! Leo's always playing that stupid game where he's married to an Alex. People think it's me!

FELIP: Oh, come on. You and Leo are practically married anyway after you gave him that SD Alex figure.

Felip leans down, pinching Leo's cheeks with exaggerated affection, earning a blushing squeak from him.

FELIP (*mock-serious*): Our little Leo—the perfect househusband. Maybe I should let Ethan take a bite out of you. Eat you all up!

LEO: Eat—what?!

ETHAN: He's got a point. Bet you taste sweet.

ABEL (*grinning wickedly*): I call dibs on the thighs.

CAIN: I'll take the other one. Not much meat, though.

Cain grabs Leo's leg, and Renzo joins in, patting Leo's chest, causing the smaller boy to flail.

LEO: H-HUH!?

RENZO: The best cuts are here. I'll take the chest.

ALEX: I'll settle for an arm.

Alex grabs Leo's left arm, his smirk adding to the teasing. They all pile on Leo, who flails and stammers incoherently.

LEO: WAIT! I—STOP!

FELIP: And I'll take his heart. All mine!

Felip leans in dramatically, pretending to kiss Leo. The room erupts in laughter as Leo turns redder than Rudolph's nose.

CAIN: You're all ridiculous.

DUSTIN: Pretty sure that's the frat motto.

CAIN: Felip's just a man-slut.

Felip straightens, brushing off his shirt like nothing happened.

FELIP: Can you blame me? Boys, girls—everyone's been after me since puberty. I just give the people what they want.

DUSTIN (*Rolling his eyes*) How about giving me what I want—this gift exchange over with.

RENZO: (*Muttering*) Seconded. My dad's going to lecture me about being late.

CAIN: Since when *hasn't* he made your life miserable?

ALEX: Renzo's a total daddy's boy.

RENZO: At least I *have* a dad.

ALEX: Yeah, a *disappointed* one.

CAIN (*cackling*): Oh fuck! Get him, Alex!

RENZO: EXCUSE ME?!

Felip slaps a hand over Renzo's mouth as Ethan holds Alex back, laughing.

DUSTIN (*Sighing*) Another year, another Christmas fight.

LEO: (*Timidly*) A-At least we've moved on f-from...e-eating me.

ABEL (*Grinning*): For now.

FELIP: Alright! Enough! Settle down, or you two will be on basement-cleaning duty come spring. Back to business. Gifts. Let's go.

Felip grabs a gift from under the tree and hands it to Leo.

FELIP: For you, Leo. From yours truly.

Leo hesitates, his fingers trembling as he takes the present and carefully unwraps it. The others lean in expectantly, with Felip smirking smugly. He pulls away the paper to reveal—
TO BE CONTINUED!!!! YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR THE NEXT EASTER IN THE NEXT BOT FOR PART 2 MUEHEHEHEHE!!!